Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XV. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 20, 1836. Whole No. 760.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE PASSING YEAR.

Ye do those deep reverberating notes,
Sent to fall on the slumberers ear,
And lid it to forgetfulness or nerve
The me for fancy's any hand to weave
Ever busy tale,—now break upon
The solemn stillness of the hour as if
rouse, " pale midnight on her starry throne,"
ing sleep's finger from the half closed eye,
ing to lively musings,—then they breathe,
knell of fleeting time—the dying year!—
ll on, thou hollow of eternity!—
n moved and ore the rushing swallow wave
the mutterous torrent to o'erleap
by bounds, like those before thee gone and sink
the dun musty ocean of the past.—
summon up (oy joy in retrospect,
seems as if but a fleeting summer's day,
ince first we welcomed thee newborn with joy,
fondly listened to the a'ire of birds,
lush bright autumn sun send it thee,—
nother page in Time's devouring book!—
e course of the grand wheel of nature hath
fulfilled it round.—Twelve times the evening stars
ave hailed the moons new ascension—and as oft
ave bid its waning lamp adieu, and in
ponse the lusty husbandman has sown
reaped, and ever varied earth has worn
g's flow'ry garb—and summer's gorgeous gems,
autumn's yellow leaf—and the rude blast
own them, tossing to the earth and laid
h, hand upon the general pulse of life—
yet, where are thy trophies fleeting year,
victor scales of time, a share of which
hrow, a link in its vast chain,—should wreath,—
re are no lasting monuments to leave—
hold on immutably were these
pent the ope of coming years, and show
fleeting reign, they hurried footsteps in
track of time,—and soon forget, for spring
n in bloom will come, and summer too,
grass left leafless by the wasting hand,
ll soon display in all its sylvan pomp—
spread its verdant carpet o'er the mead,
ked with the dusky and the violet;—
the mountain tinged with laugh again—
onward chimes its chrystal course, and the
birds shall warble carollings as sweet,
when they sang for thee, and nature shall
t bear a trace of all thy ravages,
thou wilt be forgot!—forgot by earth—
studded firmament—the omnipresent wind,
waving wood—the downstooted thunder, and e'en
ocean's voice, leaving the moonlit shore,
all whisper nought of thee, and thou wilt pass
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the beach of blank oblivion.—But man!—
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mento of its power—yes, thou hast stole
rose from beauty's cheek,—sown silver hairs
the raven locks of manhood's pride—
left another furrow deep upon
brow, indelible,—the cheerless heart
broken that, and a lasting pall, as lone
abode of happiness, now desolate,—
speak thy reckless hand—thy trophies
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there the lonely heart will read them—but adieu!
turn to hail thy new successor, and to greet
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other long,—another happy year!— J. W. S.

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THE RING;

OR LOVERS' MISTAKES.

[Continued from our last Number.]

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hear of being brought into public contact, and that of a most equivocal kind in their relative position, with the man before whom, she could not even say true, command to be to indifference, much less exercise estrangement existing between them; and can it be, the sudden proof of a false sweetheart, turned attached, had agitated Ernest's anger not a little. Now she recoiled in utter horror from the thing, and delivered herself in answer to the bold beggar for her complaisance, with a severity and haughtiness that, at any other time, would have gone near to produce an irrevocable breach between the rival damsels. But on the present occasion, when there was no answer to make, "Little Wimsy Wilkins," a soubriquet bestowed by applied to the lawyer's dog on account of his peculiar count of his perpetual rejection of that long popular song, was him to swallow and digest a few hard words. She apologized and, reseated, raised her implored, till "Eva—her own Eva," without whose had she never lived, they must as he had, been upon showing Ernest how she, too, could strive in other people's eyes—good to take part in the grand enterprise—and the promise extorted, Maria withdrew to arrange her never ill plots and counter-plots.

And how be it the young lady, the ring-bearer had no wounded and left? Even as one oppressed with the darkness and final closure of utter confusion. She, since the bell and the sword-gift of her friend had been lost in—not a wonder that had struck the flagging her affections a blow a side and tradition. Letitia in, conquering only to ravage, and wooing to destroy—she the meek and dignified of M. Verbeck!—set in a perfect h, mind and bodice—her fond devotion cast in her very teeth! and then, oh! to die to-day! cast to the spark be the important consolidator of the great infants, to double, trumpeted and put up to it by him! transported out of all watchfulness for herself or him that had thus endured her—for, certainly whatever had been her inward emotions of regard, they had been taught to counterfeit disguise, and to

"Droop within their silent cell,"

she repressed, with such an effort of resolution as supposes the martyr chained to the burning pile, every impulse tending towards gush of emotion, to overpower gravity like that of one meandering under demure, buoyed her up, and she is glad, and sane, and sharp, glad about the house as if possessed with the very spirit of Shakespeare's Beatrice. Upon the arrival of lawyer, who judiciously sought her studies, she in troduced them and many a gracious word bestowed, till he and for advocate of this cause thought it go near—and the fair creature, who constituted both judge and jury, all their own. For several days did she continue in this state of emotional agitation, which would for her benefit have been looked for, would have been found to border on insanity. Were not by the question necessary to sustain her in it, and as sustaining as the struggles of a strong wrestler for the overmastery of his antagonist—that is to envy, which may be termed the noblest species of envy, for it is envy that would be found in the meanest of souls, and in such a way the moment she was alone, and her nights were spent in a restless slumber or tears as unit of the result. But the light of each morning brought the sign for unfailing, and not in vain. Mrs. Livingston had been pronounced so charming, every body raved of her graceful glee, and received such unwonted and expressive effusions of regard for traits to owe the heart of the wealthy widower; all but his crafty old sister, the author of this and so much other to myself. She alone had the key to the mystery of this sudden outbreak, and construed it only as a sign of the hidden but effective operation of her subtle poison.

And now the plot thickened, and its denouement drew nigh. The "Long-Lane Ball" as he was commonly called, instigated by the mischievous genius of the betrothed, as he firmly believed her—timing and fretting at her perseverance in declining to act with him, and

"Will as the wind and raging as the waves;"

at the thought of being enticed to a contretier so equivocal and antiquated as any of the patriarchs, flew his consolation to the symphonizing Mara, who with, and gently listened to the a'ire of birds,
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Ernest, who, in the sense of his high triumph, endeavored to ride himself to the destruction of the dastard rascal, overcome by all the fire and the fury, and of divers such flatteries and delicacies to himself to be specially attended by his late colossal appearance, and again with her sidelong side-look, which was closely guarded by the loving sensual, as before, and now fully conscious of her ease—to every body else, and to herself, thought she, but the more meant to annoy, how abominable and impertinent he must be under the excitement of wounded vanity. Evan, burning with indignation at this, no less than the same company, and smarting under the calm contempt, so easy and innate to female tact, that cut all the deeper by reason of its smooth edge, the violent measure really subduing young man tempted in his wrath, or strive to exhibit the same cool carelessness as herself. But fanning to attain that fine tone of sustained yet cool indifference, but such simple training from open doubts, and perhaps more galling to the [illegible] sensitivity, the creature [illegible] "a mere scrub of no account whatever," he had hung with a listless air to imitate, with insolence almost brutal, and talking entirely with his reputed taunt. Doubly did he thus disgrace he self on the night purported for the dancing display, which had cut the whole town in a lose, and was to be attended by a select audience, of which every body with the least pretension to fashion was wild to make one, or harrowed up his soul.

All took place as usual on such occasions, assembling, chatting, refreshments in a abundant than choice, were handed about, and every body, for a while, busy with them. But Miss Sands, intent upon Ernest, and his every look and motion, was the first to hide and seek after him in the bustle, took out her pocket, and striking the hour, in classical strain, a remove to the house in order to repair. All cars were and groaning equipages were mounted, and the whole gay train in all speed to collect themselves and assemble at the [illegible] Livingstons. Arrived, they were ushered in, and the [illegible] Livingstons in the hall to receive them, and [illegible] Livingstons in the hall to receive them, and [illegible] Livingstons in the hall to receive them, and

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To Readers and Correspondents.

"My Native Land," by T.; "Death of the Wicked Man," by S. H.; and "To——," by Jose, are on file for insertion.

"Lines," by M. A. T.; "Why don't he Come," by Conrad; "The Voice of Deborah," by J. R.; "Lines," by W. M. B; "Love," by C.; "to Miss A." by F.; and "The Young Poet's Soliloquy," by Wrongrove, we decline inserting.

In the article from Cambridge, Md. respecting a runaway matrimonial expedition, we are nothing especially laughable. In this meridian there is no scarcity of dunces of that character.

The conundrums from Harrisburg, probably by a member of the legislature, are dull and stupid in the extreme, and unworthy of such an origin as Solonburg. We have laid them under the table.

The extract from the new play of Alphonso, we shall endeavour to make room for shortly.

ATKINSON'S CASKET.—Next week will be published the February number of the Casket embellished with an elegant *colored plate* of the newest Fashions, views, &c.

Contents.—The Newest Fashions, engr.; Vesper Reverie: African Character—Phillis Wheatly; Abu Reschid; An Allegory; Imagination of Women; Sketches of Irish Highways—Old Granny, by Mrs. S. C. Hall; Sketches of the Western Bar—Hon. John Tod; The Early Life of Washington; The Mocking Bird; Lucciones, No. IV.; Letters from the South, by Thomas Campbell; Merchant's Exchange, N. York; Thanted, Essex, England; Wit and Sentiment.

Literary Port-Folio.—Life of Washington, in Latin; Rienzi, by Bulwer; Practical Treatise on the Culture of Silk; Dictionary of the English and German Languages; Carpenter's Family Depository; Parish's Surgical Observations; Goldsmith's History of Greece; Farmer's Companion.

Poetry.—A Sweet Lay; A New Ballad, by Moore; Lines on the Delaware Water Gap; Love; Evening; Humility, by Montgomery; The Indian Chief; What is Earth? The Day Dream.

Music.—White and Red Roses, arranged for the Piano.

ONE IN A THOUSAND.—The Harpers, of New York, have just published a handsome edition of this new novel, by Mr. James, complete in one volume. This work forms the second volume of the cheap edition of new and popular fictions, which the Harpers some time since, announced it to be their intention to publish. The merits of "One in a Thousand," are well appreciated by the reading public—its cost is ten fifty cents. Of a truth it may be said, that in this age, reading is made both easy and cheap.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.—This admirable work is at length brought to a conclusion. Messrs. Carey & Hart, of this city, having just published the second and last volume. Japhet in one of Captain Margyatt's best productions, and we feel very certain that no one will take it up, without being deeply interested in its powerfully absorbing and skillfully developed details. This author has struck out for himself a new path,—one decidedly popular with the great mass of the community, and one that cannot fail to secure for him an unusual degree of celebrity. We recommend Japhet, to all lovers of light reading, as one of the very best productions of the day.

THE MONTHLY GENESEE FARMER.—Mr. Tucker, of Rochester, N. Y. has issued the January and February numbers of a new periodical, under this title, devoted to the interests of the agricultural community. The numbers before us contain a great variety of valuable information on the subject of farming, and from the well known talent and zeal of the editor, we do not doubt but that the Monthly Farmer, will be rendered a most valuable publication. Those who desire to possess an exclusively agricultural paper, cannot do better than subscribe for this, or for the Genesee Farmer, published weekly, at the same office. The price of the Farmer is but 50 cents a year.

BRIDGEWATER TREATISES.—Another volume of the series of valuable publications under this title, has just been published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard. It is from the pen of the Rev. William Kirby and its design is to illustrate the power, wisdom and goodness of God, as manifested in the creation of animals and in their history, habits and instincts. The work is embellished with numerous engravings, and the elucidation of the text is at once learned, powerful and deeply interesting. We regard these treatises as among the most valuable publications of the day.

Another for February has just appeared, containing the usual number and variety of essays, reviews, bibliographical notices, and foreign and domestic intelligence on medical subjects. We have so frequently spoken in detail of the merits of this publication, that an extended notice of the present number appears to be entirely unnecessary. The Review may be said to embrace the first medical authority of this country, and we presume that there are but few physicians in this country, who are not in its regular receipt.

Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard are the publishers.

THE BAPTISM PULPIT.—This is the title of a work just published in this city, by Messrs. Gregg & Elliott, and Desilver, Thomas & Co. It embraces discourses by the most eminent living divines in England, Scotland and Ireland, accompanied with pulpit sketches, scriptural illustrations, and selections on the office, duties and responsibilities of the Christian Ministry. It is issued under the editorial supervision of the Rev. Mr. Suddards, Rector of Grace Church, and fills an elegant octavo of 500 pages.

In the work there are fifty-six sermons, from the ablest British Divines, most of them now living, and as each discourse is from a different preacher, a great variety of style, manner and subject is furnished. The work is by no means sectarian, the editor having taken great pains to make selections of discourses, from all the prominent sects in England. Prefixed to the title is an engraving, containing likenesses of T. Chalmers, R. Hall, D. Wilson, T. Raffles, and R. Newton.

The volume altogether, is one possessing much interest for the religious reader, and we have not a doubt of its being extensively read.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ECONOMY.—1 vol Harper & Brothers. This is a very interesting work from the pen of T. Sedgwick, Esq. It treats of the value and uses of property—how it may be acquired, how employed to the best advantage, and is written in a very clear and perspicuous style. Political Economy is one of the subjects least understood by the great mass of the community, and every work elucidating its theory, or practical application to the various purposes of life, ought to find many attentive readers.

THE SCHOOL MASTER, AND ADVOCATE OF EDUCATION.—This is a monthly publication, the first number of which has just been issued by W. Marshall & Co. booksellers, of this city. The editors are J. Frost, Walter R. Johnson, and others. The work is intended for the use of Families, Teachers and Schools—and as such, we have no doubt, it will meet with general favour.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The February number of this excellent periodical has been received. We have glanced through its pages, and were much pleased with the spirit and beauty of many of the articles. "*Olapodiana*," as usual, are rich and spicy. Those papers, generally, are more readable than any thing contained in the Magazine. Comparisons are odious, however, where there is so much to praise and admire. We observe in the present number, a new contributor—new to us—Noah Webster, L. L. D. He has written number one of "Philology." "Lays," by J. G. Percival, and "A Battle Field by Moonlight," by J. Barber, Esq. are beautiful specimens of poetry. There, also, is the "Actor's Alloquy," by Burton, of the Chestnut street theatre, and one or two excellent stories, which will amply repay a perusal. The present number, take it for all in all, is a good one.

AWFUL DISCLOSURES OF MARIA MONK.—Here is a work deserving of the severest censure, unless indeed its records be founded in truth; if so, all will agree with us, that the matter deserves to be investigated.—But is it possible that there can be so much wicked. ness—so much depravity, abroad in the world? Can it be that men, under the garb of sanctity, will practice the most revolting crimes; and that, too, with the utmost impunity? We would have to draw largely upon our credulity to give it a moment's credence.—And yet, on glancing through the pages of the book in question, we must confess that it wears at least the *semblance* of truth; for crimes, to which we cannot give a name, are alluded to in the fewest possible words, instead of being depicted in a manner that would tend to deprave the mind, and corrupt the senses, as would probably have been the case, had the writer intended it solely for a pecuniary speculation. But a word or two of Maria Monk, the narrator. It appears that she sought and procured admission into the *Hotel Dieu Nunnery*, at Montreal, Canada, where she remained five years as a *Novice*, and two years as a *Black Nun*. She tells us that the grounds, all of whom, connected with the institution, she has named, are wicked and profligate; that the females who are admitted as nuns, become their *slaves* in the worst sense of the word—obedient, upon all occasions, to their will; that the fruits of their *infamy* are instantly strangled and put out of the way; that nuns, for various reasons, are frequently murdered; and that she was an eye-witness to the death of one of them—Saint Francis, so called, by the order—who was smothered between two beds by the priests—five in number—and the Lady Superior, because she would not comply with the iniquitous demands of the Reverend Fathers. These are a few of her confessions.

The book has been proved to be a base forgery, it having been discovered that it is a translation from an old book in the Spanish language—and its author has been discovered from the Methodist connexion, of which he pretended to be a minister.

Since the above was in type, we find the following paragraph, in relation to the "disclosures," in the New York Commercial Advertiser, edited, as every body knows, by Col. Stone, which we think it our duty to give a place in our columns:

"Not believing the disclosures to be true, we have taken no notice of this book, which is yet exciting so much of the public attention. We must, however, put our friend of the Philadelphia Gazette right upon one point. The Gazette says, 'the work is of course known now, to be a translation from some old Spanish narrative.' Such is not the fact. The writer of the book, who took the relation from the lips of the unfortunate young woman herself, is a gentleman of perfect integrity and honor—a man of excellent character and spirit—who, although the tales may have been *imposed* upon him, would be the last man to impose what he did not honestly believe to be true upon others. Thus much in justice to an esteemed friend."

MR. POWER'S WORK ON AFRICA.—Mr. Power's "Impressions of America," about to be published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard, of this city, will no doubt prove an interesting and popular work. With the specimens we have seen, we have been greatly pleased, and we append a short extract, no less liberal in its tone, than it is amusing in detail. The work will probably be published next week. The extract relates to Mr. Power's unprofitable theatrical trip, in company with Mr. Jefferson, to Alexandria.

My worthy manager had often pressed me to accompany him, on one of our off-nights, to Alexandria, which he assured me boasted a very pretty theatre, and a population, if not generally theatrical, still capable of filling the house for two or three nights, upon an extraordinary occasion. Such he was pleased to consider the present; and although I suggested the probability that most of the play-loving Alexandrians had, most likely, during the late very lovely nights, visited the Washington theatre, Mr. Jefferson, argued there yet existed a sufficient body, of the unsatisfied curious, to repay us for our short trip. * * * In due time, I mounted, and rode down to the city, to make my toilet and receive the Alexandrians. The first I soon effected, and the last I should have rejoiced to have also done; but they would not be received; "the more we waited, the more they would not come." I took possession of the stage, the only portion of the house occupied, where, eyed by half a dozen curious negroes, who were evidently amateurs, and by them good-humoured air, ready to become admirers, I awaited the appearance of the audience. But of all these, some half hour after the time of beginning, Mr. Jefferson made his appearance, solus, with an expression half comic, half vexed.

"It's no go, my good friend," said I.

"They're not come yet," said Mr. J.

"Nor are they on the road, Mr. J. Stevens."

"They're a long way off, I guess, if they are," said he.

"And won't arrive in time, that's clear. Hadn't you better postpone the business, sine die?"

"Why, 'tis nothing else left for it, I fear," said Mr. J. taking a last careful survey of the well lighted solitary *salle*, adding, "We must dismiss."

"That ceremony will be quite superfluous," observed I, "unless as far as we ourselves are concerned, and our noble friends here."

I had observed that two or three little knots occupying the intervals of the side scenes were evidently interested observers of our debut, and grieved and disappointed by the result. I should have liked to put them all into the front, and then have acted to them, could one have mustered their sense amidst the noise by any stray white man. As it was, Mr. Jefferson begged me to consider myself at perfect liberty.

"It's provoking, too," added my good humoured manager, who was quite a philosopher in his vocation, "for it's a pretty theatre, isn't it?"

"It is a very pretty theatre," responded I. And so *finished* closed the curtain on our first and last performance. Now, trade having decayed, and money ceased to circulate, the blood has also grown stagnant amongst that once gay people: the fire is out, and the drama's agent fled.

Mr. Jefferson, however, had a much more summary mode of accounting for our desolate state; for on my suggesting that his bills might have been ill distributed, or his notice insufficient—being rather desirous than to find a loop hole for my vanity to creep out of—he convinced me that all points of vantage had been most exceedingly well canvassed for.

"What the plague can be the reason they won't come for once, at least, Mr. J?" One would be less surprised at their not answering to a second summons."

Jefferson shook his head, in a fashion that expressed more than even Puff designed Lord Burleigh's shake to convey—adding, by way of commentary. "The Bank question, no! all the Bank question!"

I waited for no more, feeling that this was, indeed, an explanation sufficiently satisfactory; since, for some time, a general account for by forty every public event, moral or physical—the depression of the nation, the failure of the fruit crop, the non-arrival of the packets, the sinking of stock, and the flooding of the Ohio.

Joining my friends at the hotel—an exceedingly good one, by the way—we were soon once more in saddle; and, lighted by as beautiful a moon as ever silvered the smooth surface of the Potomac, off we dashed with them, for Washington, at a stopping pace, in no way regretting my having visited Alexandria, or my premature return, since my day had been most delightfully passed; and my not having a score of my own, enabled me to assist at one given by a very charming and *intelligent* person, to which I was bidden, but in consequence of my engagement to Mr. J. had no hopes of attending.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Feb 14, received from		Jos. Dixon, Esq.	4 00
Kelsteads A. Smith,	$20 00	Daniel Moser, Esq.	7 00
Revel Marsh, Esq.	3 00	Alex. Grant, Esq.	7 00
J. P. Lewis, Esq.	2 00	Roland Diller, Esq.	5 00
L. Gez, Esq., N. H.	5 00	Charles Williams, Esq.	5 00
C. Hawley, Esq.	3 00	P. Bowman, Esq.	5 00
J. A. Stout, Esq.	5 00	James R Hoyle, Esq.	5 00
John McClelland, Esq.	5 00	Adam Peters,	10 00
N. Chipman, Esq.	2 00	*February* 16.	
H. Y. Slaymaker, Esq.	6 25	Wm. S. Mallory,	10 00
February 13.		L. Lawrence, Esq.	8 00
Jas. E. Johnson, asst.	1 80	Chapman Yates, Esq.	2 00
not franked postage	50 cts.	J. F. Stanton, Esq.	2 00
C. D. dley, Esq.	2 00	C. Marsh, Esq.	2 00
R. Lamberton, Esq.	5 00	Nelson Boughner, Esq.	2 00
John Maize, Esq.	2 00	Thev's Bonham, Esq.	2 00
John C. Lewis, Esq.	2 00	*February* 17.	
Wm. P. Noble, Esq.	2 00	Wm. D. Morgan,	20 00
Jno. B. Lambdin, Esq.	2 00	Samuel Weston,	5 00
February 15.		Tim'y Wortham, Esq.	5 00
J. W Herndon,	5 00	not franked post.	37½ cts
N. Stanton,	2 00	E. S. Parke, Esq.	5 00
Hon. Wm. Warner—asst	4 63	H. Mott, Esq.	10 00
D. D. McIntyre,	4 00	A. Updegraff, Esq.	4 00
Abraham Smalley,	2 00	Richd McClure, Esq.	1 00
Seth Moseley,	5 00	*February* 18.	
John Sunderford,	15 00	James Steele,	3 00
L. B. Kirbey,	5 00	H. R. Myers,	10 00
John B. Taylor,	10 00	L. G. Williams,	5 00
James Bell, Esq.	2 00	Jno. M. Bell, Esq.	100 00
P. W. Dryden, Esq.	5 00	O. P. Starker, Esq.	4 00
O Burr White, Esq.	4 00	Jay Cady, Esq.	4 00
G. M. Burt, Esq.	2 00	G. W. Ela, Esq.	2 00
N. Nye, Esq.	8 00	Enoch Wilson, Esq.	2 00
David Brooks, Esq.	3 00	E. Kendrick, Esq.	2 00
Jas. W. Fraze, Esq.	6 00	Jno. T. Fulton, Esq.	10 00
John Pardee, Esq.	2 00	B. McKittrick, Esq.	5 00

SALES OF STOCKS,

At the Stock and Exchange Board of Brokers.

				prices sold for	par
5015	shares	United States Bank,		120@120	100
2	do.	Bank of N. America,		453@460	100
33	do.	Man. & Mechanics Bank,		68	50
61	do.	Mechanic's Bank,		67	25
49	do.	Farm. & Mech. Bank,		69@69½	50
28	do.	Schuylkill Bank,		93@93½	50
65	do.	Western Bank,		61@62	50
78	do.	Girard Bank,		68	50
350	do.	Union Bank, Tenn.		65@66	40
880	do.	N. Orleans Gas Bank,		29@30½	20
985	do.	Kentucky Bank,		63	40
395	do.	Northern Bank, Kentucky,		32@34½	20
105	do.	Mech. Bank, Pittsburg,		64	50
50	do.	Planters Bank, Tennessee,		77	65
109	do.	Feliciana Bank, Woodville,		107	100
119	do.	Schuylkill Nav. Co.		13½@14	50
150	do.	Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.		39@39	50
1830	do.	Del. & Hudson Canal,		107@111	100
34	do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.		147½	100
1054	do.	New Castle Rail Road,		35@37½	25
1000	do.	Norristown Rail Road,		37½@40	50
198	do.	Reading R. R.		5	74
20	do.	Harrisburg Rail Road,		24	25
300	do.	Philadelphia Savings,		21½@24½	25
240	do.	Morris Canal,		9@9½	100
126	do.	Inland Fire In. Co.		17@20	15
100	do.	Wilmington & Susque. R. R.		21	20
19	do.	American In. Co.		31	25
$3500	State, 5 per cents,		1853	100@100½	100
$5700	do.	do.	1854	100@107	100
$10300	do.	do.	1858	108@109½	100
$1000	do.	do.	1841	103½	100
$1000	Lehigh Loans,		1845	105	100
$3000	do.	do.	1843	99½	100

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27 An express reached this city on Thursday evening, bringing information that Gov. Ritner, has signed the Improvement Bill. The following is a copy of the Message

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

GENTLEMEN:

I have approved and signed the following ACT of the General Assembly, entitled "An Act to repeal the State Tax on real and personal property, and to continue and extend the Improvements of the State by Rail roads and Canals, and to charter a STATE BANK, to be called "The United States Bank" and directed the Secretary to return the same to the House of Representatives, where it originated.

JOSEPH RITNER.

Harrisburg, Feb. 18, 1836.

Another Message Coming.

Extract of a letter to the Editor U. S. Gazette, dated

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Feb. 17.

My dear Sir—The President will to-morrow send a message to Congress, communicating the satisfactory adjustment of our differences with France. This he told to a gentleman to-day, who mentioned it to one of my friends.

MARRIAGES.

On Wednesday evening, 10th inst. by Elder J. Sisty, Mr. Henry Powell, to Miss Hannah Ann Warner, all of Evesham, N. J.

On Thursday morning, by the Rev. C. C. Cuyler, Alexander C. M. Pennington, of Newark, N. J. to Ann Johnson, daughter of Robert Kennedy, of this city.

On Monday evening, Dec. 14th, by the Rev. Mr. Chambers, Mr. David Richards, to Miss Mary Robins, all of Lewistown, Del.

On Monday evening 8th inst. by Peter Conson, Esq. Mr. Reuben Corson, Jr. to Ruth Garretson; at the same time and place, Mr. Edward Voss, to Miss Caroline Vangilder, all of the upper township, in the county of Cape May, state of New Jersey.

On Tuesday evening, 9th inst. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, Henry Boyer, to Miss Rosanna, daughter of Wm. Roderfield, all of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Right Rev. Bishop White, John B. Champion, to Miss Catherine, daughter of the late George Fenour, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, 11th inst. by the Rev. Doscher, George F. Peabody, to Miss Rosa, daughter of the Hon. James Harper, all of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Ashburn, on Tuesday, the 9th inst. Francis Cook, to Ann Fanny, both of this city.

At West Chester, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Jeth. ro Johnson, Mr. John M'Cully, to Miss Jane Williamson, both of Chester county.

At West Chester, by John T. Denny, Esq. Mr. Alexander B. Daze, of Charleston Hundred, Delaware, to Miss Ruth Ann Miles, of Kennett township, Chester county.

At Cowneck the 20th of last month, Joseph L. Hewlett, jun. to Mary F. daughter of John and Margaret W. Cornwell.

At West Chester, on the 11th inst. by S. Siegfried, Mr. Charles Mendenhall, of East Goshen, to Miss Sarah Baldwin, of Willistown township, Chester co.

In the city of Lancaster, on Sunday, 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Baker, Mr. Peter B. Long, of Philadelphia, to Miss Ann Hensel, daughter of Mr. John Hansel, of the city of Lancaster.

At New York, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Baldwin, Mr. Edwin A. Stevens, of Hoboken, N. J. to Miss Mary A. only daughter of the Rev. Thomas Pierson, of New York.

In Paris, 7th Jan. 1836, at the Hotel of the American Consulate, by the Rev. Robert Baird, Mr. John Stoddard, of Boston, to Miss Mary L. Morgan, of Savannah.

DEATHS.

On saturday morning, 14th inst. of a lingering illness, Mrs. Ann, wife of Mr. Charles Smith, in the 44th year of her age.

On Thursday, 11th inst. Mrs. Sarah Shields, in the 80th year of her age.

On 4th day, the 10th inst. Martha Scattergood, widow of Thomas Scattergood, aged 75 years.

On Thursday afternoon, Mr. John Clark, Plumber, after a short and distressing illness, in the 65th year of his age. He is worthy of remark, that he was the oldest plumber in the city.

On Wednesday morning, 10th inst. in the 60th year of his age, after a lingering illness, Mr. Thomas G. Bond.

In the city of New York, on Sunday last, in the 67th year of her age, Mrs. Esther Levy, consort of Jacob Levy, Jr. Esq.

On Wednesday, the 27th ult. at Frederick, Maryland, Rev. T. D. Scnaffer, D. D. for many years Pastor of the German Lutheran Church in this city. He died after a short illness, in the 57th year of his age.

On 3d day morning, the 16th inst. Sarah G. wife of Edward B. Garrigues, in the 29th year of her age.

On Monday morning, George Washington, son of Robert and Mercy Wallace, aged 1 month.

On Monday evening 15th inst. after a short illness, Anne Jane Rae, daughter of Capt. Robert Rae, in the 8th year of her age.

On the 13th inst. after a lingering illness, Mr. Daniel Hubs, aged 74 years.

On Friday evening, 12th inst Susan, wife of Edward M'Carty, in the 46th year of her age.

On Saturday morning, 13th inst. Sarah Ann, daughter of the Rev. James Wilmot.

On Saturday, 13th inst. Mr. Joseph Ely, in the 73d year of his age.

On the morning of the 12th inst. of phth sis, in the 5th year of her age, Elizabeth M'Nair, daughter of Charles Albert and Catherine G. Elliott.

On Thursday, 11th inst. after a short but severe illness, Mrs. Elizabeth, consort of Mr. Peter Byrne, of this city.

On Tuesday morning, 9th inst. after a short and painful illness, Eliza Kendell, son of Esther Kendell, in the 26th year of his age.

On Thursday, 11th inst. Mrs. Appha Crease, in the 68th year of her age.

On Friday evening, 12th inst. Elizabeth, wife of Andrew Allison, in the 68th year of her age.

On Friday morning, 12th inst. Susan Ferguson, infant daughter of Thos. Jones, aged 2 years, 2 months and 13 days.

On Sunday evening, the 14th inst. Mr. James Campion, in the 29th year of his age.

At the Head of Conneck, William Allen, Esq. Post Master, in the 63d year of his age. He had been confined to the house for 14 years, and so as not to be able to walk. His complaint was the rheumatism.

On Sunday, the 14th inst. of pulmonary consumption, Mrs. Mary Fagan, in the 26th year of her age.

On Friday morning, the 29th of Jan. Mr. Joseph Sutton, in the 63d year of his age, one of the firm of John & Joseph Sutton, Merchant of Wilkesbarre, Pa.

On Friday morning, 12th inst. after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Elizabeth Bentley, relict of the late John Bentley, in the 75th year of her age.

On Friday morning, 12th inst. Samuel R. infant son of Samuel R. and Rebecca Warrington, aged 4 years and 4 days.

On Thursday, 11th inst. *Ellen*, wife of Michael *Fagan*, aged about 25 years.

On Wednesday morning 17th inst. Ellen, daughter of Joseph Bonsey, aged 14 years 8 months and 13 days.

On Wednesday the 17th inst. at 5 o'clock, Mr. Lewis C. Alexander, in the 28th year of his age.

On Wednesday morning at 4 o'clock, Mrs. Rachel Davis.

On Monday, the 15th inst. in New York, after a short illness, Mr. George W. Twibill, Jr. in the 30th year of his age.

On Tuesday night, the 16th inst. John Comyn, son of George and Margaret Hall, in the 5th year of his age.

On Tuesday morning, in the 25th year of her age, Bridget Tate, wife of Robert Tate.

At Urbana, Ohio, on the 7th inst. after a severe illness, Elizabeth, only daughter of Wiliam Rinehard, cashier of the Urbana Banking Com. any.

At Germantown, on the 19th inst. Ann Stonebarner, in the 81st year of her age.

In Pemsville, very suddenly, on the 12th inst. Mr. Jacob Beckwaiter, Merchant, aged 47 years.

Departed this life, above Trenton, N. J. on the 9th inst. Mr. Jacob Stansell, late of the Northern Liberties, being within a few month of the 83d year of his age.

At Pittsfield, Mass. on the 31st ult. Major Nathan Dillingham, aged 77.

In Albany, on the 9th inst. Wm. Thomas, in the 38th year of his age, formerly a resident of Philada.

OBITUARY.

O righ eous judge! thou great and holy One,
Within thy fold she rests—They will be done."

Departed this life in Lenawee county, Michigan Territory, on the 22d ult. Ruth Evans, late of this city, after an illness of nearly two months. Fully prepared and willing for that change which would distribute to those earthly shackles that kept her from a participation in that glorious immortality, which she felt an assurance awaited her. She remarked during her illness, that there was a rest prepared for her very near her Redeemer. She has gone—no, she has gone to receive and enjoy the reward of a well spent and virtuous life.

Should we not, like her, strive to stand in a state of readiness to receive the awful summons when it shall be said to each of us, by an ambassador from Heaven, "prepare to meet thy God?"

COMMUNICATION.

Panoramic spectacle of the Conflagration of Moscow.

This interesting exhibition, which is advertised to close on the 27th inst. is thus described by a cotemporary.

We attended this pleasing exhibition at the American Museum, last evening, and can truly say that it is in our estimation, one of the most ingenious and high. ly interesting that we have ever witnessed. The time chosen by the artist, is the moment when Napoleon's army was marching into the city. The lights in the saloon being first extinguished—the curtain is raised and Moscow—the Imperial city—gradually appears in the distance as the fire illuminates the sky, and shines upon its thousand spires and numerous palaces. Napoleon's troops pour into the city, column after column—the thrilling sounds of martial music—the rout is caused—the rifling of property, and the sounds of clashing sabres are heard—the alarm bells sound—the inhabitants rush out of the gates—incendiaries with burning torches fly about the city—the raging element spreads from house to house—from street to street, when a mine explodes which completes the ruin of the ill fated city.

It were useless to dwell on the particulars of the scene—suffice it to say that the representation calls up associations of a thrilling nature, to every one familiar with the history of that eventful campaign. The exhibition is soon to leave the city, and is worthy the inspection of all.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

We had another *plentiful* fall of snow on Wednesday last making, as we are informed, the 23d snow we have experienced during this winter. Our oldest citizens do not recollect a longer period of intense cold, than for some weeks past. On Friday there was another fall of snow, making the 23d.

We learn that General Robert Patterson has purchased the new dwelling house, and the large lot of ground on Locust street, owned by Col. J. H. Powell. The dwelling is a princely mansion, and one of the most desirable in Philadelphia. The price of the whole, is said to be between sixty thousand and seventy thousand dollars.

At a meeting of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, on Monday evening, 15th inst. HORACE BINNEY, Esq. was elected President, in place of George Vaux, deceased.

A Post-office has been established at Oak Hill, Lancaster county, Penn. and J. E. Taylor, appointed Postmaster.

It is said that there are orders now in England for nearly three hundred thousand tons of railroad iron, for the United States and the continent of Europe.

Diabolical.—The editor of the Lexington Gazaite states, that he had been informed, upon such authority as to leave but little doubt of its truth, that several wagons in the vicinity of Lexington, have been mutilated, for the purpose of preventing the owners from hauling fire-wood to that city.

"Have you got any fish hooks?" said a gentleman the other day, to a boy in one of our stores. "No," replied the boy. The gentleman thinking the *Sir* should have been included in the answer, rejoined, "No what?" "No fish-hooks," said the boy.—*Boston Transcript.*

It will be seen that the banking house of the U. S. Branch Bank on New York, has been sold for upwards of $150,000. This may be considered a clear profit, as the Bank, more than six months since, paid for the whole of these houses, and considered them as fixtures, not to be reckoned with capital stock.

Facility of Greatest Cold in the United States.—Franconia, in New Hampshire, seems to be the limit of extreme cold in the United States. The quicksilver there, Feb. 2d, sunk into the bulb 40° below zero. It is believed the spirit thermometer would have indicated 50°.

In the Legislature of Massachusetts, on Friday last, a petition was presented from Perkins & Co., Mark Healy, Nichols & Whitney, and 1,736 others, for a Bank, with a Capital of $10,000,000.

Boston and Strother.—The St. Louis Republican of January 21, states that the indictment pending in that Court against Col. Strother, for sending a challenge to Col. Benton, was tried on the previous day. Col. Strother, it appears, was absent, at Washington, at the time. After hearing the evidence and the charge of the Judge, the jury found a verdict of guilty, and assessed the damages at *seventy-two dollars!*

Mr. John Funk, of Dauphin county, Pa. was killed on Wednesday morning the 10th instant, while in the act of cutting the ice from the water wheel of his mill. It is supposed that the wheel started before he had anticipated, and that he was caught by it and crushed to death. Mr. F. was formerly a member of the State Legislature.

Calvin Belden, Esq. has been elected President of the Salem N. J. Banking Company, in place of Morris Hancock, Esq. deceased.

The Globe makes the American export trade of cotton amount in 1835, to 370,194,184 pounds, equal to $61,435,746.

A new Market House, to cost $32,000, and to pay nine per cent upon that sum, is about to be erected at Bangor.

The Kennebec Journal notices as one of the memorable things, a horse race on the river, attended by "several thousand persons." Ice two feet thick.

The Journal of Commerce says :—"The old mode of transporting merchandize is now very extensively resorted to. Great numbers of sleds and sleighs are constantly arriving loaded with butter, cheese, and other produce, some of them from places three or four hundred miles off."—The Erie Canal is closed by ice.—*Buffalo Com.*

Too Severe.—The editor of the Jamaica Watchman, a West India paper, speaking of the people of the United States, and the subject of slavery, calls us, among other hard names, 'a nation of convicts, and scoundrels of the first water.' They'd Lynch such a man as that in Mississippi.

A family of seventeen persons were poisoned by arsenic in cheese, who has been committed to prison. One of the family is dead—the others, it is hoped, may recover.

The Rev. Dr. Ely, lately of Philadelphia, has been indicted for perjury by the Grand Jury of Marion county, Missouri.

Bad Butter.—It may be useful to grocers, as well as to private families, to know that bad butter, so bad as to be scarcely eatable or saleable, may be restored to its original quality, by washing it in water sufficiently warm to make it dissolve freely in the hand, until the old salt is washed out; and by then adding the proper quantity of new salt, and about one ounce of fine moist sugar to the pound. Beat it up till it is free from water, and it will be perfectly good.

Mr. Edward Postlethwaite Page.—Among the memorials which have been presented to Congress, was one from this eccentric and singular genius, who, it will be recollected, was in Philadelphia a few months since, in the assumed character of "Grand High Priest of Nature." The petition prayed for a grant of 6000 acres of public land, as a reward for having 'squared the circle, reformed the calendar, and accurately measured our earth, after an expenditure of thirteen years and nine thousand dollars.'

A Growing City.—Efforts are making to extend the corporate limits of the city of Pittsburgh.

By the statement which has been made of the concerns of the *New York* Insurance Companies, in compliance with a requisition of the legislature, it appears that companies having a capital of $2,850,000 had insured to the amount of $70,000,000.

A call has been sustained in Congress for copies of the survey, plan and estimates for the construction of a SHIP CANAL from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario.

The Harpers have published an edition of ten thousand copies of Bulwer's late novel *Rienzi*.

The Legislature of Michigan commenced at Detroit on the 1st inst.

The incendiaries are still busy at Boston. A carpenter's shop was recently destroyed with its contents. Loss estimated at £3000, and no insurance.

As an instance of great speed, the N. Y. Gazette, mentions that ten ships of the New York and Louisiana line of packets, made during the past season, ten successive passages between New Orleans and the former city, average 13 days each.

The Weather.—We had a slight fall of snow last Sunday, being the sixth Sunday it has snowed in succession. One more will make up the *Cabalistic* number.

A bold boy was proudly riding a fiery horse. A wild bull called out to the horse. For shame to let yourself be governed by a boy. And why not, said the horse; what honor would it be to me to throw a boy?

Two scientific expeditions were about to be made from England. One, under Capt. Beechey, to explore in the Pacific and survey the western coasts of North and South America; the other to survey the west coast of Africa, between Sierra Leone and Fernando Po.

A Signer somebody is amusing the Londoners at one of the minor theatres by shooting three apples in succession, with a rifle; the apples being in the hand of his son.

Admiral Lee, when only a post captain, being on board his ship one very rainy and stormy night, the officer of the watch came down to his cabin and cried, "Sir, the sheet anchor is come home." "Indeed," said the captain, "I think the sheet anchor is in the right of it; I don't know what the devil would stay out such a night as this."

Such was the severity of the cold during the week, that a citizen of Allegheny town, was frozen to death. We believe, however, that the unfortunate man was not perfectly sober. A lady from the vicinity of Noblestown, was also frozen to death, on Wednesday, the 27th ult.—We are informed that she was returning from Pittsburg market, and had arrived within a short distance of her own home.—*Pittsburg Visiter.*

The Boston Patriot of the 19th instant, says, "On Monday afternoon about 4 o'clock, a vast body of snow slid from the roof of the Methodist meeting house, Broomfield street, carrying with it one of the chimneys. The whole mass came upon the roof of the carriage house attached to the stable of Messrs. Gage & Streeter, crushed it in, and destroyed one or two coaches and upwards of 32 chaises; damage estimated at $5,000."

Professor Reed announces that the services of Samuel Hepburn, Esq., have been secured as adjunct instructor in the Law School connected with Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.

The severity of the cold at Montreal has been such that an unusual number of frost bitten cases have been admitted into the hospital, several of which have required amputation.

On dit—that Mrs. Butler, formerly Fanny Kemble, is about to depart for Europe, and resume her original profession. Charles Kemble has lost money since his return, and is now in very embarrassed circumstances.

Potatoes.—It is estimated that 1230 tons of potatoes are consumed in London weekly.

It was recently stated at a meeting for the relief of the protestant clergy in Ireland, that a Life Insurance Company in Dublin had declined making a policy on the life of a clergyman, unless with a proviso that it should be void in the event of his being murdered!

The amount received by Mr. O'Connell from his starving countrymen, under the name of the "rent" or "tribute," up to the present year is 144,000 pounds sterling. Nearly 700,000 dollars! Profitable patriotism!

The Newark Daily Advertiser is in ecstacy with the unparalleled performance of two distinguished *whips* of that town, who successfully drove, *twelve in hand*, to Elizabethtown and back.

Several mad dogs have recently been killed in the borough of York, in this State, and others escaped.

The Washington Globe, alluding to the late gratifying news from France, says,—"It is quite certain that France will pay the instalments of the Indemnity now due, on the receipt of the President's annual message, without waiting for the acceptance of the mediation by England on the part of the United States."

The Quaker Controversy in New Jersey ended.—It must be gratifying to both parties of Friends, that the question has at last been settled by a law which recently passed the New Jersey Legislature—by the provisions of which the property belonging to the Society of Friends at the time of the separation, is to be divided in proportion to the relative numbers of each party. It passed the Assembly by a vote of 32 to 14, and the Council 12 to 2. This will of course put the matter at rest. We propose to publish the bill entire, next week.

The Weather.—New York is not the only place that suffers from the extreme cold of the season. "In Italy, so severe is the cold that the people say that their climate must have been changed. In Paris, the cold has been intense; and upon the Rhine, where, during the season, an unclouded sky is generally observed, no inconsiderable degree of inconvenience appears to be felt from the weather."

Little Monsters.—We learn from the Albany Argus that the Bank Committee of the Legislature of that State, have already reported in favour of bills to incorporate the Commercial Bank of Oswego, capital $250,000; the Tompkins County

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FRIDAY MORNING, Feb. 19, 1836.

ASHES.
... cwt.
...
FLOUR.
...
...
...

COMMUNICATION.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

Three-fifths of one-fourth, of three-fifths of five score
One-third of two-sixes, divided by four;
One-half of two-thirds of six more than five-fourths,
Three-fourths of eight dozen, add eight if you please,
The initials of those, when joined you will spy,
A thing which this moment, is under your eye.

A solution is requested.

PARLER BAS.*

Parlez bas! The moon is up,
And o'er the sleepy throng
The mothing bird's high notes are heard
In wild and varied song;
No eyes shall trace thy footsteps here,
But fear thou not while love is near.

Parlez bas! Though here we meet,
In silence deep, alone,
No guilty thoughts disturb our soul,
Nor wish we fear to own.
Pure as the light yon orb imparts,
Shall be the meeting of our hearts.

Parlez bas! A genial breath
Is wandering o'er earth's flowers,
Their fragrance mingles with thy voice,
And holy joy is ours.
Parlez bas! and let each tone
Echo the fondness of mine own.

Parlez bas! And now repeat
The vow those lips once made;
Mine is a love that soon not change,
A heart that ne'er betrayed.
O! say that thou will love me will,
Through storm or sunshine, good or ill.

Parlez bas! I bless thy words,
The last that I may hear:
Sweet on my brow thy breath I feel,
Upon my cheek thy tear.
Now take thee to thy bed and rest,
And be thou blest, as I am blest.

—•— Spunk low.

A Love-Lighted Eye.

I have gold in my coffers, 'tis good and 'tis bright,
I have gems in my case would illumine the night,
I have ships on the ocean, and steeds in the stall,
But the dark eye of beauty is better than all.

Gold and gems fall away like the leaves from the tree:
They are yours, they were his, now they're settled on me;
The gallies will perish, the coursers will die,
But memory shines on a love-lighted eye.

A gentleman meeting one of his friends who was inebriated, expressed great concern for his embarrassment. "You are quite overcome, Sir," was the reply. "I'm not I, 'tis my creditors who are embarrassed."

THE VERY LAST.—"Grandman," said an urchin to his father's mother, the other day, living somewhere in Worcester. "Grandman, the Railroad is coming through our town." "Is it, child?" said the venerable dame. "Well, I hope it will come through by daylight, for I long to see one terribly."

A friend has communicated to us the following direction, copied from a handbox, at a hotel in Reading, intended to be sent to Myerstown, Lebanon county:—

The Bann Boucks Has To goo oup to Mayars Saum to John Saefitt and keped dar tell Mr. John have fetched I um der."

MODESTY.—Modesty is not only an ornament, but also a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling in the soul, which makes her slumber and withdraw herself from every thing that has danger in it. It is such an exquisite sensibility that it warns her to shun the first appearance of every thing that is hurtful.

AIR—*'Auld an old Jock Daw.'*

Said a new gas light to an old oil lamp,
As they glimmered together one night,
"The City pays for my brilliant blaze
To 'make ya bie' your light."

Said a Lamp, 'though not fond of a snuff,'
I've great dislike to a snuff,'
Said a breeze, 'though I scarce, you're a snuffer,
At a puff, I can give you a puff.'

HAPPY FUN.—A gentleman who was *blessed* with a mouth of unusual dimensions was once asked by a friend, if he had a lease of that mouth of his. "No," said he, "but I have a lease of that mouth of mine." "Then you'd better renounce the other, "I have it only from year to year."

EXTREMELY POLITE.—A young widow of very polite address, whose husband had lately died, was visited soon after by the minister of the parish, who inquired as usual after her bereaved child's health, when she replied, with a peculiar smile, "He is dead, *I thank you.*"

"Milk *is* so dear," exclaimed a young widow to her milkman, for the twentieth time at least; "I wish I could afford to keep a cow of my own." "Would'nt it be cheaper, ma'," said the hopeful daughter, archly, "to keep a milkman of your own?"

AN EXCELLENT JOKE.—Our readers are aware that the ingenious fellows who pursue the tentatious practice of smuggling between the States and their neighboring provinces, are often driven to exercise a good deal of tact, in order to elude the officers stationed on each side of the line. A trick occurred a few years since, which is worth recording. A custom house officer stationed on the American side, had rendered himself obnoxious to the smuggling gentry, by his equanimity of disposition, and a couple of fellows who were in the habit of transporting some forbidden commodities to the States, were so pressed by the assiduous efforts of this worthy that they were resolved to try if he could not be caught in his own trap. For this purpose they procured a large cask, with a cover which fastened down with a padlock. In the bottom a quantity of limeshlack was strewed, and some loose paper and oakum on the top. In this condition they journeyed on, until the fore-mentioned officer, ever on the alert, met them, and demanded that their wagon containing the cask, should be searched. After a parley, which the smugglers regarded as but the form in authority mounted the wagon—the cover was lifted on, and he perceived the loose papers. Thinking there was nothing but smuggled goods within at the bottom, he leaned over the edge and commenced searching with his hand. The smugglers perceiving that their opportunity had come, tripped up his heels and in went the astonished officer, bawling out murder. The rascals coolly put down the cover, and drove off with at a single bail, until they were ten miles from where they had taken in their *fresh provisions.*

At length the hopeful Jehus drove up to a tavern and desired the landlord if he would let them have some dinner, and take her pay in custom house goods. Boniface agreed, thinking no doubt to be supplied with something useful from the wagon of the smugglers, whom he knew on the road for some years. Dinner was procured, the horses were fed, and the wagon was brought to the door. The landlord appeared to get his pay from the cask, when he discomfited officer was for the first time admitted to the light since his incarceration. The Limeshlack, together with the lolling of the wagon, had placed the poor fellow in a pickle that is scarcely conceived than described. The landlord "smoked the joke," pronounced it a good 'un, and away drove the smugglers as hard as a couple of horses could carry them, leaving the landlord and custom house officer to console themselves the best way they could. It is said the functionary who got caught, resides within less than one hundred miles of this city.—*Bangor Ads.*

"HOW LIFE BELOW STAIRS."—A comical comedy was enacted in front of the Park Theatre, one night last week, by two gentlemen amateurs, for their own benefit. It seems, that having met with success at the fashionable hotel in Broadway, they dropped in at Sandy Welsh's for oysters and champagne. They supped, and after paying Welsh a low bill, and his *chef de cuisine* a high one, they proceeded to wend their way "back agin." It was a miserable night, or rather morning, and the rain fell in torrents. Both grass were in high spirits, particularly one of them, as Pat would say. It being pitch dark, and the street-lamps were not lighted, that convenience being dispensed with by the Corporation, except on bright moonlights, so that the gentlemen were compelled to make their way, as they best might, across the gutters. It was about 4 o'clock in the morning; the rain fell in drops as big as small potatoes, and more often, and our "ancient and modest watchmen" had gone to roost. After fording several large streams that casually laid down in the map of the city they commenced the passage of what seemed a young Niagara. The water was up to their knees, and they were ruminating on the fate of Sam Patch, and the value of their life insurance, when "the midnight clock struck sadly on their ears." They halted to have the time, when the gentleman in blue," (not black) marked each stroke of St. Paul's with as expressive stamp in the water. "One" said he, and splash went his foot. "Two" another splash, that time still more. "Three!" again. "Four" and now they were as wet as drowned rats. At that instant the City Hall bell commenced tolling the hour, but the gentlemen not remarking it, continued on "Five" and resumed the splash. "Six" splash again. "Seven!" another "heavy wet." "Eight!" The gentlemen began to look wild; either the clock was wrong—this was another dark day—or he had drunk too much wine. Before he could make up his mind on which horn of the dilemma to hang a doubt, the bell of St. Paul's commenced ringing before, and he promised he must have been dreaming. It was only eight in the evening by "Shrewsbury clock," he was sure and he continued his course, making the most fly right and left, to be kept time with the rapid strokes on the bell. He counted Nine! Ten! Eleven! Twelve! *Thirteen!! Fourteen!!!* When he came to Fourteen, he gave it up. "Well, I'm damned!" said he, "I've had more than ever I knew of."—*Spirit of the Times.*

THE WIFE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

She was a beautiful girl, when I first saw her. She was standing up at the side of her lover at the marriage altar. Slow was slightly pale—yet ever and anon, as the ceremony proceeded, a faint tinge of crimson crossed her beautiful cheek like the reflections of a sunset cloud upon the clear waters of a quiet lake.—Her lover, as he clasped her hand within his own, gazed on her for a moment with unmingled admiration, and the warm and eloquent blood shadowed at intervals his manly forehead, and "mantled into beauty on his lip."

And they gave themselves to one another in the presence of heaven, and every heart blessed them as they went their way rejoicing in their love.

Years passed on, and I again saw those lovers.—They were seated together where the light of summer's sunset stole through the half closed and crimson curtain, lending a ruby tint to the delicate carpeting, and the exquisite embellishments of the rich and gorgeous apartments. Time had slightly changed them in outward appearance. The girlish buoyancy of the one had indeed given place to the grace of perfect womanhood, and the other had somewhat paler, and a faint line of care was slightly perceptible upon her brow. Her husband's brow too was marked somewhat more deeply than his age might warrant; anxiety, ambition and pride he could discern at a look, and left the traces upon it; a silver hue was mingled with the dark of his hair, which had become thin around his temples, almost to baldness. He was reclining on his splendid ottoman with his face half hidden by his hand, as if he feared that the deep and troubled thoughts which oppressed him were visible upon his features.

"Edward, you are ill to-night"—said his wife in a low, sweet, half-enquiring voice, as she laid her hands upon his own.

Indifference from those we love is terrible to the sensitive bosom. It is as if the sun of heaven refused its wonted cheerfulness, and glared upon us with a cold, dim and forbidden glance. It is dreadful to feel that the only being of our love refuses to ask our sympathy—that he broods over the feelings which he scorns or hears to revea—dreadful to watch the convulsive features and the gloomy brow—the sad finale the shadows of sudden displeasure—the involuntary sigh of sorrows in which we are forbidden to participate, and who se character we cannot know.

The wife sorrowed once more. "Edward," she said slowly, mildly and affectionately, the time has been when you were willing to confide your secret joys and sorrows to one, who had never, I trust, betrayed your confidence. Why, then, my dear Edward, is this cruel reserve? You are troubled, and yet refuse to tell me the cause."

Something of returning tenderness e-chimed for an instant the cold severity of the husband's features, but it passed away and a bitter smile was his only reply.

Time passed on, and the twain were separa ed from each other. The husband had glooms and alone in the dreary cell of a dungeon. He had failed in the ambition as his God, and he had failed in a high career.—He had mingled with men, whom his heart loathed, he had mingled out the fierce and wrongful spirits of his land, and had breathed into them the madness of revenge. He had drawn his sword against his country—he had fanned rebellion to a flame, and it had been quenched in human blood. He had fallen—disgraced—and he was a captive.

Unfortune had softened the proud heart of manhood, and as the husband pressed his pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on his eye-lash. "I have not deserved his kindness," he murmured in the choaked tones of agony.

"Edward," said his wife, in an earnest but faint and low voice, which indicated extreme and fatal debility, "we have in a measure failed in our duty.—By an exchange of garments you will be enabled to be unmolested. Haste, or we may be too late. Fear nothing for me. I am a woman, and they will not injure me for my efforts in behalf of a husband dearer than life itself."

"But Margaret," said the husband, 'you look sadly ill. You cannot breathe the air of the dead cell and live."

"Oh, speak not of me," she replied, hurriedly, "and the dreaded woman. I can endure any thing for your sake. Haste, Edward, haste, and all will be well," and she sank down in a trembling land to de-ease the pressed beating of her heart. It ceased in a few moments.

"Farewell, my love, my preserver," whispered the husband in the ear of the disguised wife, as the officer sternly remanded the supposed lady, but the name allotted to her soul had fled, and, "Farewell" was all it need again," responded his wife—and the husband passed out unsuspected and escaped the enemies of his life.

They did meet again—the wife and husband—but only as the dead may meet—in the awful communings of another world. Affection had borne up her exhausted spirit, and the last great effort of her affections was accomplished in the safety of her husband—and when the bell tolled on the morrow, and the prisoner's cell was opened, the guards found nought in the habiliments of the dead, save a corpse, that she still kept her corpse of the devoted WIFE.

LORD CULLEN, THE MIMIC.

Robert Cullen, the son of the celebrated physician, and who finally officiated as a judge in the court of session, possessed amazing powers of mimicry, which were manifested in his earliest years. One evening, when his father was going to the theatre, he entreated to be taken along with him, but being refused, he was determined to remain at home. Some time after the departure of the doctor, Mrs. Cullen heard him come along the passage, as if from his own room, and exclaim, "Well, after all, you may let Robert go." Robert was accordingly allowed to depart for the theatre, where his appearance gave no small surprise to his father. On the evening following, after dressing and remonstrating with his lady for allowing the boy to go, it was discovered that the voice which seemed to give the permission had proceeded from the young gentleman.

In mature years, Cullen could not only mimic any voice or mode of speech, but enter so thoroughly into the nature of any tune that he could supply exactly the sticks which he was likely to use. His attitudes were therefore something much above the mimicries — they were Shakspearian representatives of human character. He has been known, on a social company, to mutter an individual who required, from his conduct in the character of that person, and to rise and thanks for the proposal of his health; and this was done so happily, that, when the audience did not see, and could not hear the sage to speak for himself, the company continued with an almost comic repetition of what Cullen had previously uttered, the manner also, and every inflection of the voice, being preserved.

Cullen had formed an intimacy with a gentleman of his own land to make me really happy. The returned to Berne and left the right to e-sen us to our own particular places of the world. The Earl is one of the public prosecutors, but he has been built but there are two or three with other views, that exist nearly as much as this. Some republicans, the assures that republican freedom is not so adjusted to the state of Europe as not to make out what was going on. Some think there is time enough in any one assembly to make ten times as many laws as are necessary but that would one in a rural life. Some think that very few laws are necessary, and recommend as one of the easiest laws would have it say, and he would throw a flood of light upon my benighted mind. "Be honest and thrive," and there would be an end to all attempt their legislative tasks, and they are thoroughly busy too, when left to speak. I do not know any thing of the strangely built Swiss cottages, and making signs when words would not do. The funny customers amused me much. In the Solcure canton, the women wear a cap of black muslin, with outspread wings, that very much resemble the expanded wings of a bird, and the little apron and petticoat have the same direction. At Berne, the fashions are oldest still. A tall, broad brimmed, old straw topped hat is worn over the right shoulder, in the cap of the canton.

I have been since I came here, on an excursion from Berne to Interlaken, and have been isolated at Bothyl, the celebrated resort of Mr Feilenberg. To give you a detailed description of this castle, I should as well try to write an account of some different scenery, the very thing no man can describe, so as to impart his own impressions to others. The town of Thune I passed—lovely melancholy town—but with the most beautiful scenery all around it.

You cross the lake of Thune, and you come to Interlaken, (valley forest) for it is between two lakes. Where are not the English? for Interlaken is an English village. It is touchy do the English crowd here to live for five years a day with a bottle of wine in the bargain, which in England or itself would cost full five francs. This is the route that travellers take to go into the wilderness of the mountains of the Oberland. If I had a month to spend among the scenery and hills, I could push on—but as as I must go back to Berne. The institution of Fellenberg, so celebrated all over the world—just such a school as a young people ought to make free to enter here within nor to enter—has been so often descri ed, that I could add nothing to the descrip tion. For I had but an outside and a cursory view. I got back to the prettiest side of the town—the *Enge*, it is called, where the grand views of the Alps have been taken—just as the sun was setting and the glaciers of the Alps were shimmering back his rays, as if in scorn of his humble power—the whole Alps (interior with reflection, but softened in the misty air—the Aar winding round the walls of the city from which came the hum of many sounds, as confusedly heard at twilight comes—the loud tinkling of the bells of many cattle in the neighboring pastures—the tap of the persons drum—the loud, happy laugh of sporting youth as it raced over the green in plays the like of what I did often seen of Cowper's—all making a chromatic combination for the ear, as one from Gothe, and wanting only some circle of my own land to make me really happy. The returned to Berne and left the right to e-sen us to our own particular places of the world. The Earl is one of the public prosecutors, but he has been built but there are two or three with other views, that exist nearly as much as this. Some republicans, the assures that republican freedom is not so adjusted to the state of Europe as not to make out what was going on. Some think there is time enough in any one assembly to make ten times as many laws as are necessary but that would one in a rural life. Some think that very few laws are necessary, and recommend as one of the easiest laws would have it say, and he would throw a flood of light upon my benighted mind. "Be honest and thrive," and there would be an end to all attempt their legislative tasks, and they are thoroughly busy too, when left to speak. I do not know any thing of the strangely built Swiss cottages, and making signs when words would not do. The funny customers amused me much. In the Solcure canton, the women wear a cap of black muslin, with outspread wings, that very much resemble the expanded wings of a bird, and the little apron and petticoat have the same direction. At Berne, the fashions are oldest still. A tall, broad brimmed, old straw topped hat is worn over the right shoulder, in the cap of the canton.

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